AMATIC ART, AT ITS HIGHEST, HOLDS THE PUBLIC.

Beauty, Truth and Power on the Stage Have a Season of Prosperity That Is Full of Encouragement.

LA TOSCA" AGAINST A "STRAIGHT TIP."

ernhardt and the Company at Amberg's Move and Delight Great Audiences, Though Lesser Attractions Do Not Languish.

From time to time the endless ebb and flow of lays and players in New York is varied by the in-ush of some work, some company, some artist eater than the rest.

As we sit and watch the movement of the mimic orld, we catch the gleam of something brighter, obler, loftier than the dull tide of current drama. he genius of a Sarah Bernhardt gilds the waves. The warmth and passion of a "Guido Ferranti" stir is. The simple truth of such players as the Muenot yet destined to be swamped by the flood of low urlesque and vulgar nonsense.

he truth. It may prefer "A Straight Tip" to Guido Ferranti" or "Men and Women" to "Mac-But while you moralize and marvel there comes a

The public does not always see the beauty and

A "Beau Brummel" becomes popular. A "Maister of Woodbarrow" draws crowded houses. The Muenchener are made the mode. Or Sarah Bern

barat fires the town by her incomparable art, and ec 'quers all but a few "cranks" by her "bernhard-There is no knowing when or where the public taste will change. We have no laws by which to forecast its likes and its dislikes. We see the tendencies, conflicting, transient, stable, but they are obscure and confused. Now it is art that wins,

now it is no art, and again, as at this hour, both I suppose things were always very much as we see them.

There has always been a public for the low and trifling. There has always been a public, sometimes large and sometimes small, which admired



WUBZEN AT AMBERG'S.

who have lived when the frivolous and gross have

It would be wasting time and good black ink to argue about color with the blind or about music with the deaf.

There are people who swear by "Annie Rooney,' "Parsifal." And, happily for art, there is a third class in New York which can see something to enjoy in "Annie Rooney" and in "Parsifal."

At bottom we are broadly, beautifully eatholic, We have no rooted aversion to the high or to the trivial. One night may find us laughing at "The City Directory." The next we may be charmed and awed by Sarah.

To shut our eyes to one tendency is foolish. To deny the existence of the other is absurd. We may, however, hope for the success of the higher and assuredly we need not bend our knees

Against the success of such plays as "A Straight Tin" and "Men and Women" we may fairly pit the triumphs of "La Tosca" and the Muenchener.

The Park and Proctor's theatres have prospered. But so have the Garden and the Amberg theatres. In a week the Munich players will be leaving New York after one more month of uninterrupted

prosperity. Their activity has of late been so devouring that

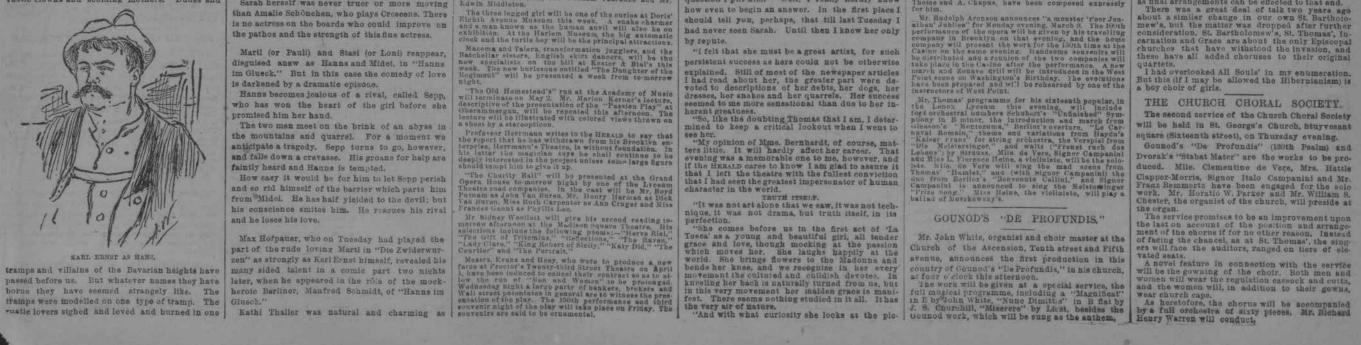
I have been unable to keep up with it. Play has followed play with bewildering rapidity. Within a fortnight they have appeared in four new sleces, all of which have had merit of a kind, hough none has effaced the deep impression proluced by "Der Prozesshansl."

Last week we were introduced to "Die Zwiderwurzen," s rather slender sketch by Hermann von Schmid, and "Hanns im Glück," a more ambitious place by Max Grube and Franz Koppel-Elifeld.

Presented by less competent and honest actors both works would probably have failed. The life they reflect is too ingenuous to interest us much pr long.

Within the past three months we have become lamiliar with the types and customs depicted in these Munich plays. They are not numerous or omplex, and in the long run they grow tedious. The characters, I meau-not the actors,

We have seen many mountain maids who flout their lovers and many grasping peasants who disown their sons. We have been surfeited with rustic clowns and scolding mothers. Dudes and



railed and blessed and wept as though they were of one big family. Perhaps, indeed, they were, for the Bavarian world is very small at best.

And we are always in Bavaria—or near it—with the

They believe in the good old fashioned maxim:—

But all that there is to be learned of their rustic

wilds these actors have taught us. They have made their simple life seem real and vivid. They have shown us its joys, its griefs, its follies. We know it as we have hardly known our native life. For these Bavarians do what we pretend to do on our stage. They "hold the mirror up to nature." In the quaint scenes and pictures of "Die Zwiderwurzen," "Hanns im Glück," "Der Prozesshans!" and "Der Herrgottschnitzer" we have the very soul and spirit of Bavarian country life. The fig-ures stand out from their settings with startling

truth. The settings reflect the very forms and colors of the Bavarian hills. If you have rambled by the Starnberg or explored

set fashion. The fathers cursed, the mothers usual as Midel. Karl Ernst made a rough and sturdy Hans. The ensemble in both plays was irreproachable.

> "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," CHANGES AT THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE ATTRACTIONS WOICH WILL BE PRESENTED TO THEATRE GOERS DUBING THE PRESENT WEEK. "Paul Kanvar" will be presented at the Columbus Theatre this week. Comodian Henry E. Dixey is said to have a new bur-lesque.cafled "Louis Xi."

Colonel Slowum will lecture upon "Individual Acts of Heroism During the Third Day's Battle" at the Battle of Gestyaburg this week. It is said that Mr. Wilson Barrett will pay another visit to this country next season and present some new plays and a few old ones.

the green Tyrol solitudes you will have recognized the green Tyrol solitudes you will have recognized feintly starring in the issued face "U and I," will be-



the faithfulness of their transcriptions. You will have said to yourself as you watched those plays at the Amberg Theatre, "Why, on such a day I stopped to talk with just that Hanns," or "I slept in such an inn" as you have seen in the counter-

felt presentments of the Muenchener. I have no doubt it is because they are so literally true that the plays delight the Germans who applaud them. To us-to Americans-they have less value. We are amused or touched by the art of the players, and we are pleased by the pictures. But they do not recall long lost vales and hills and homesteads. Our world is not the world of Ober-

The Stast whom Kathi Thaller plays so freshly in Die Zwiderwurzen" is a wayward mountain maiden, impulsive, strong, self-willed and win-

She has a rustic lover called Martl. But though at heart she sighs for him she is too proud and contrary to own her love, for Martl is poor-a common forester-and Stasi is a bit of a coquette, like nobler maids.

So, like the Loui of "Der Herrgottschnitzer," she scoffs at Marti, rejects his offerings, will have none of him. Nor is it till her suitor turns (like Pauli in this same "Herrgottschnitzer") and returns scorn for scorn, that she yields to the warm flush of her affection.

Meanwhile, her captious ways and caprices have been punished. Marti has nicknamed her "Die Zwiderwurzen," and go where she will she is derided by her neighbors. Her vanity is galled by all these jibes and to escape them she scales the ionely hills. There, however, her lover soon pursues her. She flouis him; and when a moment later he departs, as she thinks forever, she repents.

As in "Der Herrgottschnitzer" and other sketches of the same kind, all comes well in the last act. Stasi humbles herself, implores forgiveness and is pardoned. The curtain goes down in the fourth act on two very happy lovers. Stasi and Marti plight their troth, and the play ends with a burst of

noisy revelry.

The plot of "Die Zwiderwurzen" is but a pretext for the introduction of clever bits of human nature. The episodic characters are more interesting than the brace of lovers.

and there are others who prefer the strains of an old maid named Crescens. In her youth she has loved, as Stasi loves. But the fates have not been good to her; she has been parted from her sweetheart. In her gray spinsterhood she cherishes the image of the man who was so dear to her in youth. And as she prays for him one night among her lonely hills, the man returns-a shiftless wretch, broken by much buffeting about the world,

gin an unlimited engagement at the Standard Theatre on March 16. March 1d.

Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson will deliver the first of a series of six lectures on the English drama at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendai will return to England early in June. October will find them here again prepared for their tour, which is aircady almost entirely booked.

Little Mins Elste Leslie, who has entirely recovered from the recont illness which compelled her to rest an entire week, is said to be having a new play written for her.

ur.

Mr. Bill Nye will lecture a week from to night at the readway Theatre on "The Domestic and Imported merican," for the benefit of the building fund of the

The Star Theatre is to have a large theatre party to-corrow night, a publishing firm in this city having nur-haned 500 seats for their employes for the performance f 'Mr. Potter of Texas."

or lonely hills, the man returns—a shiftless cretch, broken by much buffeting about the world, and hopoless.

Sin and Its Shadow," a sensational English melo frains which has been tried on the road, will come to the Windsor Theatre to morrow night for a met who is a counterfeiter, known by the world at large as a gentle



than Amalie Schönchen, who plays Croscens. There is no actress on the boards who could improve on the pathos and the strength of this fine actress.

would dim the dryest eye. They are by far the finest points in "Die Zwiderwurzen."

Sarah herself was never truer or more moving

man. The company, which is headed by Mr. George Holland, includes Miss Isabel Morris, Miss Helen Heaument, Miss Isabel Morris, Mi

The three legged girl will be one of the curies at Doris' sighth Avenue Museum this week. A snake charmer not a man known as the human anvil will also be on Middlide. At the Harlem Museum the big sutomatic lock and the turtle boy will be the principal attractions. Macoma and Taiera, transformation jugglers, and the Satchellar sisters, English skirt dancers, will be the tow specialists on the bill at Koater & Blal's this reck. The new burkenous outfiled "The Daughter of the logimonis" will be presented a week from to-morrow tight.

STAGE LIGHTS ON SARAH.

What Some American and German Artists Have to Say About Their Gallic Sister.

AGNES BOOTH ENTHUSIASTIC

Herr Anton Seidl, the Popular Conductor, and Frl Leithner, the Leading Lady of the Amberg Theatre, Give Their Views on La Tosca.

I have been asked to give in a few words an idea of the effect Sarah Bernhardt's acting has on me. I have in the past avoided attempting anything of this kind. But I find myself encouraged by a pleasant smile and a few words from a kindly voice to make the attempt,

How does Sarah Bernhardt's acting affect me? Watching her performance of La Tosca a week ago I had a feeling of awe. I found myself smiling with her, weeping with her, suffering with her, and when the curtain fell I sat beneath her wondrous

Some one remarked that the waits between the acts were too long. I did not think of them. I was still with La Tosca. Her agonized features were be-fore me. Her voice was still ringing in my ears. Her voice-now sweet and purring, now tearing my very heart strings by its pathos and intensity, and then again sweeping me along in a storm of passion—at all times so grand and musical.

Who can recall the scene with Scarpia, when the torture is applied to Mario-when, with a parched and aching throat, Floria falls on the table, ex-claiming, "Je ne puis pas, je ne puis pas!" and when, with a loving voice, she calls on Mario to speak to her-and yet deny to Sarah Bernhardt the great and giorious beritage of genius? * * *

I admire Sarah Bernhardt's devotion. * * * I bow before her as an artist. And I worship her genius. AGNES BOOTH-SCHOEFFEL.

FRL. LEITHNER'S TRIBUTE You wish me to tell you how Mme. Sarah Bernhardt impressed me in "La Tosca?"

ture! She does not look at the audience. And yet we feel her our oaity. It is expressed not only in her glance, but in her whole faure. Her whole being is instinct with our looity. Then how amusing is her anger on receipt of the letter that summons her to the rehearsal. In her every look and gesture we can see the anger and the annoyance over this unpleasant interruption of what might have been such a pleasant hour And her clear bell like speech and silver voice! In a word she is a lovely and bewitching gir!.

"In the second act we see the singer at court and note the changes. How true and shrewd is the observation shown in the self-conclousness of the fitted woman, the little peculiarities of the songstires and her painful nervousness.

"And in the third act as she goes through the little scene of jealousy we can read in her face that she does not believe in the charges which she herself advances.

"Now, however, the action progresses with rapidity to the heartending scenes during the search in the villa. She denies, as her lover does. But we notice in her acting the anniety of an accomplice. The transition to mild and helpless pain as she listens to the torture of her sweetheart—her outburst of grief, the choking of the voice, her indecision, her collapse—all come in quick succession. But what soul painting!

"She makes few gestures—all is done without the straining of the voice. Only now and then she makes a step, a movement of the hand, or a suppressed or escapes her. Her methods are simple and natural. She has none of the so-called 'high dramatic' pathes. Sarah Bernhard is purely human. Yet how thrilling and affecting she is!"

"Were you equally impressed by the fourth act?"

"Indeed I was. When Scarpia deludes Tosca by the promise that the execution of her lover shall be make believe, she submits, as you know. But the scorn in her eyes, the trembling of her limbs as the door is closed, prepare us for what follows. We feel that the scene will end tragically.

A wongeous Look.

ically.

A wondrous hook.

"She glances at the knife as it lies upon the table. It is her only salvation. Her look from the knife to Scarpia says more than a long monologue could tell us. When she stabs him to the heart we feel that she does right.

"Then comes a silent scene which stands unparalleled. So much is said without words. So much is played without 'playing.' She wipos away the blood spots and looks coldly at the corpse. She regrets that she has had to kill him, and even pays him the last Christian honors. She places two wax candles at his head and lays a crueffs upon his breast. Then she silhks out of the death chamber, and all without a word, with the rigidity of a status.

and an without a word, with the rightly of status,
"And yet how well every curve of the lip is understood, how understandable is her every glance, her every step. Shakespeare could not express majestic simplicity more clearly than she does.
Wagner could be no clearer in sound nor Raphael

"Sarah Bernhardt is the quintessence of the drams. All other players pale before her truth, "They tell me she loves Wagner. This is no more than might have been expected of such an trist. If she could only a ng as sweetly as she questrel how she would render the death scene in "Semiramide!"

NOTES OF MUSIC.

The German Liederkrans will give a concert in their inb house this evening. Miss Emma Heckle, a young seprane who has recently returned from Europe, will give a concert in Steinway Hall on the evening of February 24.

ardt impressed me in "La Tosca?"

A concert will be given by the Eliot Musical and Literary Society in the Central Opers House on Tuesday evening, Mile. Chemotine de Vere, Mr. Frank Wilcsch.

I must confess that I had never before seen Mr. Felix Jaeger, Mr. Buby Brooks, Miss Carrie Louise



Mme. Bernhardt. At last, however, the wish which I had cherished for years past was to be which I had cherished for years past was to be realized. That Thursday night at the Garden the given in Paimer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon. Theatre was a memorable night to me, which I liter Scharwenke's second and last recital will be given in Paimer's Theatre on Thursday afternoon. shall never forget. I cannot describe the keen inerest, the restlessness with which I sat awaiting

shall never forget. I cannot describe the keen interest, the roatlesaness with which I sat awaiting the entry of the actress whom the world calls the queen of dramatic art.

I had long before drawn to myself the portrait of Sarah and her art. "Will she come up to my ideal?" I saked myself. "Will all my expectations be realized?"

The answer came at the close of the third act. It was "Yas, yes! A thousand times yes!" I had found my ideal of a truly great artist. I lay the laurel wreath of admiration at the feet of the queen of the stage. Sarah made me forget that I was in the theatre. To me she did not seem to play La Tosca, to me she was Floria Tosca. With her I wept, with her I suffered, with her I went through all the agony of het tortured soul and heart. Indeed, while that scene of horror was going on in the adjoining room and while I witnessed La Tosca's terrible suffering, I was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that I started from my seat, grasped the arm of my neighbor (a total stranger to me) as if to implore him to stop the barbarity behind those bolted doors.

Only when my neighbor said, in a polite but decided whisper, "Madame, do let go my arm. This is not a torture chamber," only then did I let go. I felt impelled to rush on the stags and to grasp the hand of the woman who had more than fulfilled my highest expectations.

Those slivery tones of the sweetest of human voices will ring forever in my ears.

"Lo Madomac Elle est is bounc, ellene m'en evel par!"
There was music in those few simple words when she spoke them at the close of the first act.

Navor before did I regret so much the truth of the words of that German poet who says, "Die Nachwell flicht den Mimm keine Karnec."

THERESE LEITHNER.

WHAT SEIDL SAYS, Herr Seidl is as warm as Mrs. Booth and Frl. Leithner in his oulogy of Sarah,

"You ask me what impression the great actress made upon me?" said the conductor in answer to a question I put him. "Well, I really hardly know how even to begin an answer. In the first place I should tell you, perhaps, that till last Tuesday I had never seen Sarah. Until then I knew her only by repute.

Ray and Mr. Marshall P. Wilder are among the attrac-

CHAT IN THE CHOIR LOFT

Many Changes in the Personnel of Soloists to Take Place on May I.

THEODORE TOEDT'S RESIGNATION.

Herr Dippel May Take His Place-The New Quartet in Gerrit Smith's Charge-Phillips Brooks' Boy Singers,

More changes than usual will take place in our city choirs this year. Some of our best known soloists will be transferred from one church to another, and others will retire altogether from the field, leaving room for the foremost of the ever growing army of new aspirants for church choir honors to find place and opportunity for the exercise of the gifts they feel impelled to turn to mone tary value.

Fortunately, in the majority of cases where changes have been decided upon, the responsibility of the selections has been placed in large part upon the shoulders of the organist or director, who has had his ideas well matured before making his selection, and has been able to secure such people

Would that this could be done in every instance and the farce of "trials" for positions be abolished:
CHANGES AT THE SOUTH OMURCH.

At the South Church, on the corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, a radical change will be effeated on May 1. Mr. Gerrit Smith, the organist and director of the choir, has worked for many years against great odds. Whether it has been on account of a small appropriation by the church for the music, or because the soloists chosen have not been fully equal to the requirements of their positions, or whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that the results of all of his hard work have not always been perfectly

of his hard work have not slawly osen perfectly satisfactory, and much of his excellent taste in matters musical has been lost in the imperfect work done by his choristers.

All this, however, is now to be changed. The present body of soloists is to be relegated to the unenvisible position of "second quartet," at the same price as heretofore paid it for solo work, and a new quartet introduced to take its place at a much larger figure than ever before paid at this church.

This now quartet will consist of Mrs. Gerrit

and a new quartet introduced to take its place at a much larger figure than ever before paid at this church.

This new quartet will consist of Mrs. Gerrit Smith, soprano; Mrs. Carl Alves, contraito; Mr. Heman Roward Powers, tenor, and Mr. Francis Fisher Powers bass, Mrs. Smith has been singing in Brooklyn with Mr. Powers for two years, and it required quite a tug at the pocketbooks of the South Church people to persuade her and her companions to leave their present and lucrative positions across the Bridge.

Mrs. Alves comes from the choir of the Church of the Divine Paternity,
CHOIR OF DIVIDE PATERNITY DISBAND.

And her choir, by the way, disbands on May 1, the church deciding to reduce the appropriation for music to \$5,000. So, new people will be heard in the Forty-fifth steest cnoir loft during the coming year. Just who will compose the new choir has not yet been made known. On Wednesday evening a trial was had which will probably result in the cangagement of Mr. Parsons, of New Haven, as organist and choir director. Mr. Parsons played for the committee two weeks ago and pleased the worthy gentlemen so well that they decided to hear him again for a final trial.

THEODORE TORDY'S BESIGNATION.

Mr. Theodore Toedt, solo tenor of St. Bartholomew's choir, has sent his resignation or his position to Mr. Warren, and it will be accepted.

Mr. Toodt has been one of the foremost of church tenors and oratorio singers New York has ever had. His church choir training and experience have been long and thorough. Starting as a choir boy in old Trinity, he has sung successively in Christ Church, in the famous quadruple quartet choir of Rutus Hatch, in the Trinity Chapel choir, under Mr. Gilbert; in the solo quartet in the West Presbyterian Church (Dr. Paxton's) word Dr. Hastings was the minister and Henrietta Beebe the soprano, and has held his present position for the last cleven years.

For sight *Mars the choir has remained intaci, Mrs. Toedt (Ella Earlo), Mrs. Morris (Hattle Chapper) and Franz Remmertz being the other me

will remain.

HERB DIPPEL MAY FILL HIS FLACE.

Mr. Warren tells me also that Andreas Dippel, the young tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, may be induced to take the position. He had just returned from a consultation with Herr Dippel's manager when I saw him, and said that he had been given to understand that the young tenor had been given to understand that the young tenor had been a church singer in Germany and was desirons of making America his home, and that a good

been a church singer in Germany and was desirous of making America his home, and that a good church position would be a strong temptation to him to decide at once to remain.

He is studying music with an American teacher, and has been hard at work on the English language ever since he first came to America. Those who heard him in Berlious "Le Damnation" will remember that his English pronunciation is preferable to that of some of his fellow countrymen who have made a much longer sojourn in the country than has he.

CHANGES IN OTHER CHURCHES.

Changes will be made in many of the other churches. At the Brick Presbyterian Church, ir Brooklyn, will take the place of Mr. Short's church, ir Brooklyn, will take the place of Mr. Sheehan, who returns to his home in Buffalo. Miss Louise M. Elliott, the soprano, will also retire from the choir, but her successor has not yet been chosen.

The position of contraito in the Reformed Dutch Church on the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, will be made vacant by the withdrawal of Mrs. William Mulligan from the choir. The position was offered to Mrs. Alves and she was to have sung for the committee, but on Tuesnay she closed her contract with Mr. Gerrit Smith for a larger salary than the Twenty-ninth Street Church had to offer her, and they are still trying voices.

And still another change—in Mr. Arthur Wood

Church had to offer her, and they are still trying voices.

And still another change—in Mr. Arthur Woodruff's choir (Church of the Incarnation). Miss Lizzie Webb Cary, the sole soprane of the church, leaves for Europe in May, to be gone a twelvementh. Mr. Woodruff tells me that Mrs. Gertrude Luther has been engaged to fill her place during her absence. Mrs. Luther was heard at the American Composers' Choral Association concert on Thursday evening, where she sang with Mr. Prime the duet in Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "St. John."

with Mr. Prime the duet in Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "St. John."

"St. John."

At Dr. Heber Newton's church the present choir will remain. Mrs. Baldwin, the contraito, and Mr. Perry Averill, the buritone, being given a four months holiday, with permission to supply substitutes while they are away. Mr. Averill goes to London and Mrs. Baldwin to Paris.

Miss Blanche Taylor, solo soprano of the Reformed Dutch Church on the corner of 123d street and Lenox avenue, goes to Europe for a year and is allowed to retain her position and supply a substitute during her absence. Miss Taylor is the youngest solo singer in any metropolitan church and is still in her teens. She goes to Paris for a year's study, and will return to her church (b. V.) on May 1, 1892.

Boy CHOIR IN PHILLIPS BROCKS' CHURCH.

Word comes from Boston that will cheer the hearts of the believers in the great efficacy of boy choirs. Mr. J. C. D. Parker, organist of Phillips Brocks' church, in Boston, has resigned, and in all probability a boy choir will be introduced as soon as final arrangements can be effected to that end. There was a great deal of talk two years ago about a similar change in our own St. Barthotomew's, but the matter was dropped after further consideration, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas', Incarnation and Grace are about the only Episcopal churches that have withstood the invasion, and these have all added choruses to their original quariets.

I had overlooked All Souls' in my enumeration. But this (if I may be allowed the Hibernianism) is a boy choir of girls.